THE OBSERVER.

BY BEATRICE IRONSIDE.

The friend of Socrates---the friend of Plato,
But above all, the friend of Truth.

Vol. II. *Saturday, December* 19, 1807. *No.* 25.

From the "Athenæum."

MEMOIRS OF EZZELINO DA ROMANO.

(Continued.)

A superb palace, which he built in the manner of a fortress at the head of the bridge in Padua, commanding an entrance and exit of the city, being finished, he gave e grand entertainment in it, to which many of the nobility of both sexes were invited. Among them was a distinguished cavalier, named Bontraverso de Castel, who brought with him his beautiful and accomplished daughter Beatrice. The stern heart of Ezzelino was suddenly captivated at the sight of her, and he drew the father aside and expressed his desire of taking her for his wife. Such an offer was not likely to be refused, and Bontraverso immediately acquainted his daughter with the proposal, and required her acqiescence. The young lady, though little inclined to such an union, knowing that a refusal would prove the ruin of her family, gave her consent; and the marriage was celebrated without delay in the presence of several of the principal guests. The festivities which followed this amorous alliance gave little intermission to the executions and imprisonments which were become the ordinary measures of Ezzelino's government; and the appointment of his nephew Ansedisio de Guidotti to the office of podesta, a man of a disposition perfectly suited to his own, augmented the number of victims, many of whom were persons connected with him by blood or affinity. Besides an infinite number sacrificed to his political jealousy, he seems to have indulged an appetite for cruelty in torturing and mutilating the bodies of the inno-

cent and harmless. We are told of his cutting off the noses and breasts of women, of blinding and castrating children, of putting persons to death by torture, and suffering others to die of hunger in his dreadful dungeons. It is said that when any died in these cells, their bodies were left to rot, and not removed till the general cleaning of the prisons, which took place only four times in the year. Though Padua was the principal theatre of these cruelties, they also extended to Verona and other places under the tyrant's dominion. The rage of despair in one of his victims once brought his own life into danger. Two noble brothers being apprehended on suspicion and brought before Ezzelino, were treated by him with such injurious language, that the eldest, a man of great strength and ferocity, flew upon him, and getting him down, began to mangle his face with his teeth, and attempt to throttle him with his hands, which he would soon have effected, had he not, with his brother, been dispatched by the swords of the bystanders.

At length the name of Ezzelino became so odious, and his power so formidable, throughout Italy, that the pope Alexander IV. published a crusade against him, and a league was entered into in 1256, between the Roman see, the republic of Venice, and many of the Paduan and other emigrants, which collected a considerable army, headed by the papal legate. After the capture of several places, the legate resolved to march straight to Padua; and the following curious description is given of the advance of the consecrated troops. When all the soldiers, infantry and cavalry, were ranged under their respective leaders, with their ensigns displayed, and their provision and ammunition, with all the machines then in use for attacking fortified places, the legate, accompanied by many prelates and devout priests, came to the centre of the army, and drew it up in battle array. Then, perceiving the universal alacrity of the men, he began in a loud and solemn voice to sing in honour of the holy cross the hymn beginning "Vex-

illa Regis prodeunt." In this he was joined by all his attendants; and thus the army set forwards on thei march to Padua. Ansedisio, who commanded in the city, made every proper disposition for resistance, and a sharp conflict ensued under the outer wall. The Paduan emigrants, animated with all the zeal of party, were the first who forced their way, and at length the suburbs were taken by the assailants, and Ansedisio with his forces was obliged to retreat within the city. On the next day the second wall was attacked and forced, and the legate obtained complete possession of the city, which was deserted by the defenders. But this success was no present relief to the unfortunate Paduans, who during eight days were unmercifully pillaged by the disorderly soldiers, notwithstanding all the efforts of the legate to restrain them. The prisoners, however, to the number of 1000 of both sexes and all ages, were immediately liberated, and the ancient constitution of the city, with all its privileges and immunities, was restored. It is observed that Ansedisio hastened the loss of the city by the very means he took to retard it; for in order to prevent the entrance of the Venetian fleet, he drained off the water of the river Bacchiglione, and thereby laid dry the deep ditch which every where surrounded the city wall. The strong citadel soon after surrendered, and more than 300 prisoners were restored to the light of day from its horrid dungeons, most of whom, however, were severely injured in their health by their sufferings in them. The surrender of the castle gave liberty to 464 prisoners, who had been confined in the Zilie, and were in a condition that rendered them scarcely to be recognized by their friends.

The Duties of the Light Cavalry in the Field, compiled for the Use of the Yeomanry of the United Kingdom. By JOHN KIRKE.

The English cavalry has been long and deservedly celebrated, but the introduction of light cavalry is of

recent date. The appearance and discipline of a regiment of dragoons is completely changed within a few years. The alteration which has taken place in the system of military tactics is no where more apparent than in our cavalry, for with them, as with every other species of troops, speed and activity are the grand desiderata. This is sufficiently apparent from the addition to the number of our light troops, from the complete change which has taken place in the artillery duty, as well as in the equipment of the regiments of dragoons. The first regiment of light cavalry in the kingdom was raised by General Elliot, and their great superiority was so apparent, that the use of heavy horse has since that time gradually decreased. The yeomanry cavalry of this kingdom are all equipped as light horse, and it is for their use that the present little work has been written. Captain Kirke, in this, as well as in his other publication, has shewn considerable knowledge of the subject, and has compiled for the young light horseman a very useful and compendious work. We extract the concluding chapter, which contains some useful hints to officers of yeomanry cavalry.

"Officers of the yeomanry cannot pay too much attention to the riding of the men under their command. During the winter months, when perhaps frost and snow will prevent their meeting so often as usual, they should be continually exercised in the riding house, with stript saddles, and without stirrups. Some I have no doubt will ridicule the idea of learning to ride, but it is impossible for any person to ride like a dragoon without being properly instructed.

"A large barn with the floor covered over with sawdust, will answer the purpose of a riding-school pefectly well.

"Every troop should also have a leaping bar, and the men should be made to ride over it frequently; when they have acquired the proper dragoon seat, they must by all means ride across the country in a straight line, from one point to another; this would be amusing

to the men, and imposing a small fine upon those who performed worse than the rest would create emulation.

" Horses that do not stand fire well, may be soon made to do so by firing a pistol two or three times when their corn is given to them.

" I have before observed that the yeomanry cavalry should by all means be armed with rifles, and drilled on foot as well as on horseback.

" The barrels of rifles for the cavalry need not be more than twenty-one inches in length, and the spiral should make about a quarter turn. The ramrods should go through a swivel fixed at the muzzle of the rifle, so that when drawn out the ramrod cannot fail to go into the barrel, nor can it by any accident be lost, except the swivel should break.

" It is impossible to fire with any degree of certainty unless the proper quantity of powder is always used. The cartridges furnished from the ordnance are generally filled with too much powder both for the carbines and pistols; it will not be much trouble to open the top, and leave only the proper charge in each, there can then be no mistake.

" A man must practise with ball continually to be a good shot, either with the rifle or pistol. Firing with blank cartridge I am very well convinced does harm, except to accustom the horses to stand fire.

" When a recruit can handle his arms with a tolerable degree of ease, he should be made to fire at a mark, and when he has got a proper seat, he must fire from his horse with the pistol, first standing still, then at full speed, advancing, retreating, and galloping by, for firing with blank cartridges can never make a man a good shot.

" The sword exercise must also be attended to; running at the ring, and cutting at potatoes on the tops of sticks, cannot be too frequently practised.

" It is very adviseable that some of our yeomanry cavalry should have light field-pieces attached to them, and trained in the same manner as the royal horse artil-

lery. We have few volunteer artillery, except in some of the seaport towns, and they are trained to heavy guns.

"I have no dout that if the French effect a landing in this country, they will bring with them a large quantity of light artillery. The field-pieces which General Humbert took to Ireland in the last war, were light three-pounders; they were worked by few men, and drawn by two bad horses even over the worst roads."

For the Observer.

BEATRICE IRONSIDE's BUDGET.

——— est bien fou du cerveau
Qui pretend contenter tout le monde et son pere.
* * * *
——— Suivez Mars, ou l'Amour, ou le prince,
Allez, venez courez, demeurez en province;
Prenez femme abbaye, emploi, gouvernemen;
Les gens en parleront, n'en doutez nullement.

LA FONTAINE.

Every one knows the story of the Miller, who in company with his son jogged peaceably along upon his Ass. Not far had he journeyed when one met him who exclaimed against his thus going at his ease, whilst his poor boy was behind up to his knees in mud. The good man, sensible to this reproach, immediately dismounts and puts up his son; but not yet was censure to be silenced! How, cries another, is that great booby quietly bestriding the ass, whilst his old father can hardly drag his weary limbs along—The boy, stung by the reproof, quickly dismounts to share in the old man's fatigue, and they both marched contentedly on, amicably escorting their *Arcadian Courser*, when presently they are met by other travellers, who laugh heartily at the charity they manifest for the beast: Any thing but ridicule may be borne, especially when we are conscious of deserving it. The miller and his son now therefore lose all patience, and mount together on the humble *palfry*. The wretched animal bending beneath their weight, staggers at every step, whilst the irritated peasants, venting their rage on the poor beast, reiterate

their blows on every side; but not many paces had the luckless pair proceeded, when they were encountered by other travellers, who exclaim against their cruelty in thus loading their old servant, and sneeringly ask if they are carrying him to market to sell his skin. The peasants, confused by so many outcries, hastily dismount and now seek to obtain peace by carrying the ass on their shoulders. Ho ho! cries another, what have we here—poor ignorant rustics, the greatest ass of the three is not he that's carried. The unfortunate miller, once more, endeavoring to escape reproof unbinds his ass, and in attempting to set him on his legs again, lets him fall over the bridge into the river—thus furnishing new matter for laughter and sarcasm, which he had vainly hoped to escape by yielding to every opinion.

After this, who shall flatter themselves with the hope of having their conduct invariably approved by the multitude, when the multitude is composed of such heterogeneous particles; of characters, of religious and political opinions so various, of interests so opposite, of parties and sects so inimical towards each other.

The Editor of the Observer published more than a year ago an historical notice of St. Mary's College, together with an eulogy of its president. This produced whole columns of abuse from the rivals of this establishment, as well as from those of a different religious persuasion. The management of the paper had been undertaken by a philanthropist, who would not suffer any thing of a satirical nature to appear in its pages, in the fear of giving offence. Its monotous dullnes was complained of; a literary journal filled with homilies could be welcome only as a soporifick; and besides it may be conceived that homilies could hardly be contrived to please all the town, where we may count sects by dozens, and where each entertains the most profound contempt for every one but his own.

The task appearing impracticable, it was deemed adviseable to alter the plan, the spirit and even the title and form of the work, and the *Observer* appeared as a

literary and political, and consequently as a critical, paper.

It may then be asked in what spirit a work devoted to the cause of literature, the sciences and fine arts, was to be conducted, and whether a single instance can be cited in any country in the world, whose civilization is even of remotest date, where a periodical paper is consecrated to the purpose of celebrating the praises of every thing which occurs. Had such been our plan, it will be acknowledged that few would have concurred in its execution—on the contrary, if a sufficient number of subscribers encouraged our undertaking, it was not until some strokes of satire and criticism had given zest and interest to its pages.

Amongst our Coadjutors, it may be remembered that a certain MR. BICKERSTAFF furnished us at first with some of his lucubrations, which he presented with the avowed and manifest intention of erecting himself into the Aristarchus of the City—hardly had he supplied us with four numbers, *after his fashion*, when the whim suddenly seized him to set his *veto* upon the Observer, and in quality of Grand Inquisitor of Baltimore, to mark his prohibition of every idea which should not have originated in his own most sapient brain. The public judged of this freak of the *mighty Benjamin* from the moment of his philippick against the Observer, and from the comparison which every sagacious reader must have made between this delectable piece and the pretensions to the Character of Censor and Satirist, which he had announced in his preceding lucubrations.

From this moment War was declared against the Observer, and every means, however *underhand or contemptible*, were resorted to in the hope of destroying it. It was a *Woman* who was its Editor, this was all that was necessary to render its enemies BRAVE, and this was enough to embolden the most *pusillanimous Wight* to assume the garb of the Lion. It was a Woman who dared to speak the immutable language of reason and common sense; but could mortified vanity and

wounded self-love forgive Mitress Beatrice for having been compelled to place in opposition to each other the contradictory productions of those, who, without the slightest legitimate cause, had declared themselves her Enemies? And for why? because, by their own absurdities, they had exposed themselves to ridicule!—Besides, could a scholar, so profound as to know the whole Greek Alphabet by heart, allow that a Woman should *know her own language?* could he endure that she should venture to think and judge for herself, and what is much more sacrilegious, that she should presume to enter those lists of which he deemed *himself* in the whole Western Hemisphere the only able and redoubtable champion!!!

It was thus that a persecution was commenced against the Observer, which has not ceased to pursue it with the most rancorous malignity, and for which, we render all due homage to its *notable and ingenious author*.....

The Observer received a number of brilliant and highly interesting communications on political topics, which would do honour to any work, and merit a distinguished place in the annals of the age.—No one presented themselves to attack these articles—Certain personages for a time applauded them highly—but as soon as the *Concordat* and the question of the *infallibility of the Pope* came under consderation, the hapless Beatrice, the Observer and its readers, were excommunicated in the true spirit of *papal charity*; whilst those who had shewn so much irritation at the approving notice given of the Catholic Establishment, now exulted in the opinions which the Observer declared relative to the Court of Rome; opinions, however, not the less in strict conformity with the doctrines of the Antigallisian Church itself. Here, the partizans of France acceded to the reproaches made to England and Prussia; and there, those of England applauded what had been said of the unfortunate convulsions of France.

In a word, if the Observer presented precisely what should constitute a work of this nature, especially

in a free country, that is, a variety of opinions as well as of matter, it may be conceived impossible for Mistress Beatrice to have broken a lance for every shade of sentiment and style which it might offer to the public.

On opening the Observer it will be found to contain reflections and opinions which we venture to predict will be one day more fairly appreciated, upon the various topics which properly came within its cognizance—the cause of the fine arts will be found to have been strenuously pleaded, and all due praise bestowed upon the artists, who, though upon conditions so painful to themselves, yet reflect honour on the country. Readers of a graver cast, will find in it curious developements of a system of natural history, already recognized in various parts of the United States as calculated to throw new light upon the *ever new* science of medicine. In short it was through the Observer and the *disinterested* labours of Mistress Ironside that a military work, which now commands public attention, was presented at a period, when such a treatise was as important as its contents are valuable and interesting.

On no occasion have we failed in doing justice to the talents of those who have come within our notice. Assuredly it is not Mistress Beatrice who is censureable, if, in the intoxication of vanity, some persons have translated into sarcasms those expressions of approbation, which originated purely in the design of promoting their interest, and obtaining for them the attention due to their merits—That Mitress Beatrice never pretended to speak of the genius of Mr. Guy, for instance, as of that of a Ruysdael, a Wilson, or Claude Lorraine, is certainly most true—but it is not a less notorious and self-evident fact, that she rendered the fullest and most ample justice to the degree of talent which he really does possess, as well as to those of every other artist of whom she has had occasion to speak.

These, then, are the crimes of the Observer!! But never, on any one occasion, have we interfered in the political squabbles which disturb public tranquility—ne-

ver have we sullied our pages with defaming and personal attacks, which others have for their pastime so liberally bestowed upon us. Many literary works, undertaken in the *express* view of *sinking* the Observer, have fallen dead born from the press within the last six months—and though they every one, in their turn, furnished the most ample subject for ridicule, yet the Observer averted all attention from them, and suffered them quietly to fall in their own insignificance, without even deigning to laugh at their absurdity: and when at length urged to the last extremity by the vollies of gross and calumniating abuse which poured in upon us on every side, we were compelled to defend our cause, we did it with reserve and *dignity*, if with the energy which the conciousness of *approving reason* gives, in repelling the malice and insolence of those who are destitute of knowledge, decency, or common sense.

It is true, for instance, that we took the liberty of smiling when we were reproached with having classed the *Marseilloise* and *Ca ira*, amongst military marches. .....It is true that we ventured to suppose, that whoever mounted the boards to exhibit themselves for the amusement of the public, SOLD themselves to the caprices and hisses of the crowd, even of the lowest and most ignorant, much more to the free animadversions of the critic, since, as Boileau has said,

" *Un clerc pour quinsz sous, sans craindre le hola,*
" *Peut aller au parterre attaquer Attila.* SAT IX.

It is true, that we knew in Europe the first actors of the most celebrated theatres have been formed by *respecting* criticism: And it is still further true, that we never could have imagined it belonged to a LOW and CONTEMPTIBLE BUFFOON to command the public to *applaud him* in *holy fear and trembling*; there especially where the press is free against the first magistrates of the republic, and most dignified and respectable characters in the nation. It is true that Mistress Beatrice smiled with pity to see that such subversion of all received ideas was possible.

Once more, these are the *crimes* of the Observer—and in such crimes we exult. But there is a measure in all things—and as to continue in such a pursuit is *in every sense of the word* to act the part of a DUPE, Mitress Ironside is resolved to abandon a task as laborious as she finds it thankless and painful, & which she undertook only in the hope of being useful, as far at least as depended on her—Beatrice must necessarily adopt this resolution—for it suits not those who love and cultivate literature, to consume their time in mercantile discussions, which deaden imagination, discourage genius, and damp and destroy the best and noblest energies of the mind.

Before, however, she takes a final adieu, she must remind *a vast* proportion of her Subscribers of the Claims which justice demands of them and urge their *ready discharge*—Of the *few* who have freely *rendered that which was due*, and cheered her on her toilsome way with the cordial smile of approbation, her memory is a true and faithful *Register*—whilst she consigns to the contempt they merit, those pitiful Beings who have sought in mean subterfuge to evade compliance with their small and *just* engagements. B. I.

JEROME BONAPARTE.

The metamorphosis of *Citizen* Jerome into King of Westphalia has completely confounded the most penetrating politicians; because, if they could not for a moment believe that Bonaparte would ever confide the reins of a *frontier* kingdom, such as that of *Poland*, to such youthful hands; at least after the emancipation of the *Hebrews*, profound reasoners had very judiciously supposed that *Prince Jerome* might rather be destined to revive the Crown of the Herods, or, if more agreeable, that of the Hero of Tasso, in Jerusalem.

Besides, those who in the *Letter* of the scriptures sometimes conceive that they discover the *spirit*, imagined that if at any time any disagreeable event should occur to this new *King of the Jews*,—such for instance, as being pinned up to a tree,—the Epitaph which might be attached to him is already indicated in a celebrated inscription, the following anagram of which might be consdered as a remarkable presage:

I EROME
Z APOLEON.
EX.
UDÆORUM.

For the Observer.

A Prize from Parnassus.

TO ELIZA.

And must I then with fair Eliza part,
And all those charms that triumph'd o'er my heart?
Yet, fair Eliza, do not condemn with scorn,
An aching heart, that bled in love forlorn!
But first remember, those animated smiles,
Bestow'd by thee; then were they to beguile?
Or have I e'er from honor's paths astray'd,
My soul is honor's vot'ry;——cruel maid!
The accursed thought! that wounds my throbing breast,
My happy rival with a smile thee blest;
Then gaz d on me with jealous; to move,
The heart that bled with inauspicious love.
Adieu fair maid, oh! fairer than the morn.
And thou sweet happ'ness, without her ne'er return!
All hopes of thee, O happiness are vain,
Eliza lost! then how canst thou remain?
Oh! fair Eliza; yet, one tender smile bestow,
On thy fond lover; triumph not o'er his woe;
"Without a smile from partial beauty won,
"Oh! what were man?.....a world without a sun."

MARCOS.

Baltimore, Dec. 9, 1807.

.....

For the Observer.

SONG.

Tell me not that we must part.
Tell me not such words of sorrow;
Hope now flutt'ring round my heart,
Says he'll come again to-morrow:

Haste then, all your gifts provide,
Maidens, pluck the flow'ret blowing;
Deck me meet for Henry's bride!
Bind my brows with roses glowing!

Hence! ye boding fears, away!
I'll have nought to do with sorrow;—
Oh! my heart, thou need'st be gay,
Thou'lt be blest, indeed, to-morrow!

FREDERICK.

.....

For the Observer.

L'aigle et le Limaçon, Fable.

Sur la cime d'un arbre un limaçon grimpé
Fut par un aigle apperçu d'aventure:
Comment a ce haut poste, oubliant ta nature,
As-tu pu t'elever? dit l'oiseau.——J'ai rampé.
——Combien, dans le siecle ou nous sommes,
De limaçons parmi les hommes!

EPIGRAMME.

Je fus hier chez apollon,
Qu'il faisai froid dans son Empire!
Tout se gelait dans son vallon,
Il ne pouvait toucher sa lyre.
Mais pour Echauffer les neuf sœurs,
S'il condamnait a la brulure
Tous les vers des mechans auteurs,
Je crois qu'il ferait feu qui dure.

.....

DISTIQUE.

Tous les hommes sont fous; et, pour ne plus en voir,
Il faudrait, etre seul et briser son miroir.

.....

For the Observer.

LAW—A PARODY.

To law, or not to law?—that is the question—
Whether is it better for a man to suffer
The frauds of swindlers, or the wrongs of debtors,
Or fetch a warrant, to take out a writ,
And by attachment end them——To claim, to sue
For legal debts, and, by a verdict, say
We end disputes, or gain the thousand dollars
That we are heirs to——'tis a remedy
Devoutly to be wish'd——Recover damages!——
Perchance ourselves be ruin'd!——*There's the rub*——
For with what heavy costs we may be saddl'd,
When we our papers put in 'Torney's hands,
Must give us pause— There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long date? —
For who would bear the forms and rules of Courts,
The travers'd cause, appeals, assigns, delays,
Answers, rejoinders, rebutters, sur-rebutters,
The fees of office, and the excessive costs
That 'Torney of the simple Client robs,
When he, himself, might his *quietus* make
By ARBITRATION——Who would losses bear*
From puzzl'd wills and doubtful codicils,
But that the dread of something worse than loss,
A chancery suit, whose ling'ring forms
Th' appellant scarce survives—makes no demurs,
And rather a scant moiety take,
Then file a bill in hope the whole to gain.
Thus doth redress make cowards of us all,
And then the law, the pride of proud Baltimore,

---

* Our *virtuous* corps of Lawyers, *alias* Attorneys, when they find it convenient, and when it suits their interest, are fond of sheltering themselves under the name of *George Washington*.—When that illustrious personage, of ever to be revered memory, formed his last will, he cautiously ordered, "that all controversies, as far as they may re-"late to *his* property and effects, shall be decided by *three impartial and* "*disinterested men*."——Here the Prophet threw his cloak for the benefit of his fellow-citizens——Why don't they take it up?——

Ended is by errors, quirks, and flaws,
And causes of great worth and expectation,
From term to term put off—or try'd afresh!——
Ah me, there is no end to law, and lawyer's costs!

. . . . . .

INVOCATION TO MAY,

Written in May 1805, on the Wedding Day of a young Couple, by G. D.

Let April go, capricious Thing,
With vernal hue, but wintry frown;
Why should we call her CHILD OF SPRING?
Why deck her locks with simple crown?

For she's inconstant as the wind;
And chilling 'midst her am'rous play:
A nymph more constant I would find,
And therefore call on lovely May.

Wake all thy flow'rs, and bid them wear,
O! queen of sweets, their brighest dies;
Shew the full blossoms of the year,
And let us view no fickle skies.

And tell the minstrels of the grove,
Their sweetest descants to prolong:
Dear is this day to wedded love;
And I must have their choicest song.

For lovers true, oh! gen'rous May,
Thou hearst me claim these honours due;
So, sacred hold this genial day,
And I will consecrate it too.

But shouldst e'en thou, O May! be found,
(As thou, alas! art sometimes seen)
To strew thy blossoms on the ground,
With froward hand and frolic mien;

Yet spare, oh! spare this favour'd day,
Let no rude blight disturb its bliss;
But if thou must the wanton play,
Choose any other day than this.

VARIETY.

"*Diversite' est ma devise*"

For the encouragement of Industry.

The tablet of memory, published at London by Philip Luckombe in 1800, presents in the chapter of IMPROVEMENTS a picture of the progress of Bankruptcy in England, from 1700 to 1793, which merits being offered to the attention of our *numerous amateurs*, and which therefore we shall faithfully transcribe.

In	1700	38 bankrupts.		1773	561 bankrupts.
	1701	38		1774	340
	1702	38		1778	575
	1713	200		1779	544
	1714	173		1780	449
	1726	415		1781	438
	1727	446		1782	537
	1744	197		1783	528
	1745	200		1784	517
	1746	159		1791	604
	1762	205		1792	628
	1763	233		1793	1304
	1772	525			

. . . . . .

A favorite maxim of Swift's—

Every *Sage* who refuses to give counsel;

Every *great man* who protects not talents and the arts;

Every *rich* man who is not liberal or charitable;

Is, as much as the poor man who flies from labour, a useless and dangerous member of society.

. . . . . .

To Readers and Correspondents.

We have received the Song entitled "*The Bucks of Baltimore.*"—As it contains much wit and much severity, we must consider of it for a few days.—In the mean time, we think the author would do well to publish it on a separate sheet; and, if he pleases, at the Head of it, the Print of a Buck, smoking cigars, twisting his face, and squirting about him in every direction—It may have a better effect than through the medium of the Observer.

We have copied from Aikins' Review a chapter from an esteemed military work, in the expectation that it would be acceptable to many readers.

S. MAGILL, Printer, 9, outh-Street.